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WEATHER.

Western Oregon, Western
Washington—Increasing cloudi-
ness; cooler except near coast.
Eastern Oregon, Eastern
Washington, Idaho—Fair and
continued warm.

BRYAN AND—?

"How would Bryan and Francis sound for the Democratic ticket in 1908?" asks Bob Taylor of Tennessee. It would sound less logical than Bryan and Sullivan, if Bryan is to continue in the hands of his friends the enemy, who defeated him in Peoria. The Illinois convention has pointed the way to a harmonizing effort which will bring the party together by indorsing all of its diverse and warring elements, as was done at Peoria Tuesday. There may be constitutional objections to a nomination of Mr. Sullivan, but what is the constitution between friends who are enemies and who are getting together to save the party? Prejudices as well as principles must be sacrificed in such a cause, as was proposed in that old whig convention when the whig party was about as near death as the Democratic party is now, and in which, after a fusion was effected with the know-nothings on a know-nothing platform, a delegate rose and said: "Now, Mr. Chairman, our platform is made to suit the know-nothings and if we can nominate a popular Irishman and a popular German on the ticket we will please everybody and win the election." Bryan and Francis would be a ticket combining the anti-corporation and the corporation elements, but Mr. Sullivan as one who has met the issue more squarely and has defeated Mr. Bryan on it, is one who is better worth conciliating. "Bryan and Sullivan" should be the next battle cry of a united Democracy.

VERIFORM APPENDIX.

The vermiform appendix is a small sack-like appendage to the intestine, and in the human subject, when inflamed causes, or rather the inflammation is designated, appendicitis. It serves no purpose in man. He gets along as well, or better, when the appendix is removed by surgical operation. With some of the lower animals, however, its function is extremely vital.

In the horse, the vermiform appendix acquires its highest development, its function being absolutely necessary to life. While in a man its capacity is less than an ounce, in the horse it measures about thirty-six inches in length, and its capacity may average about six gallons. The appendix of the horse is usually found filled with water, and it may be said that its function is that of a storage tank of water for the horse where the process of absorption of that fluid is going on incessantly.

In man it is rudimentary. It has grown useless in the same manner, perhaps, as have the muscles which, according to the theory of evolution, were used by the prehistoric man to flap his ears. Finally, in his higher development, he had no use for ear muscles, or for a vermiform appendix, both of which went out of style.

Two men have retired from the race for the Democratic nomination for governor of Massachusetts; probably having decided they can revise the tariff just as well in private life.

ANY KIND, HERE!

While the demand for college farm hands in Kansas is unabated and while all able bodied collegians who are willing to work are assured kind treatment, good wages, pure food, and Sundays to themselves in all parts of the Sunflower State, yet the crying need of the moment is for women cooks in the harvest camps. A man may be a quick-lunch cook of exceptional skill, or he may be a clubhouse chef with a Parisian diploma, but when he reaches that part of the menu where pie is expected, he fails utterly. So advertisements fill all the Kansas papers which offer unparalleled inducements to women cooks. And the chief qualification demanded of them is that they be capable of making the kind of pie that mother used to make.

FOR LABOR DAY.

On Labor Day the forty-five warships with their thousand guns and their sixteen thousand men, will pass in review before the people of the United States. No better use could be made of the fighting vessels in time of peace than this assembling to typify the strength and dignity of eighty million people in one nation. There never has been a scene so imposing in the waters of the United States, and may not again for years; but on a smaller scale at least such occasions should be frequent when the people can salute their navy as the navy salutes the people in the person of the magistrate chosen for a stated time from among the people.

The poet has hailed ocean as greater than man who assumes the title of lord over it:

"The armaments which thunderstrike the walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake

And monarchs tremble in their capitals.

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee and arbiter of war—

These are thy toys."

But the courage and resolution of man, the skill and the patriotism of man, are as noble in themselves as the aimless rocking of the waves of the seas; and the American fleet is intended to carry the ideas of liberty and progress to every shore of ocean.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

Western Cuba is in the throes of a revolution. This must seem like old times to the Cubans.

Bears were never known to hole up in midsummer until they struck the "unexpected dividend."

At any rate, that English army tailor does not control the White House styles in spelling.

When the railroads abolish passes they will have to go into politics as a means of self-defense.

Napoleons of finance, new style, do not care who gets the dividends as long as they can fix their dates and amounts.

Thanks to Uncle Sam, Cuba needs no navy, but President Palma will have to show that he knows a thing or two about soldiers.

In one respect the political conventions of 1906 are all alike—they invariably declare for the square deal, regardless of party.

Hoke Smith in Georgia, seconded by Tom Watson, attacked the Democratic party as now conducted. No wonder he swept the state.

A good health department's value is hard to estimate. It is stated that the cost of typhoid fever in Pennsylvania is \$14,000,000 a year.

Experience with the primary election system has not been satisfactory. No system can be perfect that encourages men to be candidates for office.

Bernard Shaw asserts that Christians should not make fortunes. A boy from the country once wrote to his father for money, saying: "Do you think a young man can lead a Christian life in New York on \$7 a week?" The father wrote back: "I do not think he can lead any other."

Earthquakes in either hemisphere continue to be valuable in revealing just how large a proportion of the population needs shooting on the spot.

Muggsy McGraw is determined the public shall admit he is a great baseball manager if he takes a mandamus to do it.

Student Bowser Runs Amuck

He Tries to Solve the Problem of the Bullfrog's Bellow and Falls Down.

MISTAKEN FOR LUNATIC

Considerably Wrecked Before He Gets Home—Mrs. B. Is Compassionate and Leaves Him Alone.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]

DURING the afternoon a neighbor had come in and told Mrs. Bowser about a lecture on the Holy Land that was to be given at the church that evening, and therefore an extra good dinner had been planned with the cook for Mr. Bowser, and he was coaxed to go. He came home good natured, and he praised the dinner, and all seemed to be going well when he put a stumbling block in the way by saying:

"A rather interesting incident occurred at the office this afternoon. You have heard of Professor Stackhouse, I presume?"

"I think I have seen his name in the papers," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"He is the most celebrated student of natural history in the world. Show him a rabbit's foot and he will tell you how old the rabbit was, to what epoch he belonged, whether he was shot or run down by a dog—in brief, all about him. I have long wished to meet him, and we had a visit for two hours or more."

With Opinions of His Own.

"Yes." "We were in accord in all but one thing. You know I am a man who has opinions of his own. I did not swat-



"THE BULLFROG BELLOWS, BUT WHY DOES HE BELLOW?"

low all of his because he was a professor. Mrs. Bowser, you were brought up in the country."

"So were you, Mr. Bowser. The first time I ever saw you you were cutting up pumpkins to feed a one horned cow."

He flushed up and his eyes snapped and for a moment he appeared about to make an angry answer. Then he hung on to himself and forced a smile and said:

"Well, let it go that we were both brought up in the country. It is all the more to the point in this case. As country bred folks we know what the bullfrog is. He is found in ponds and marshes. His principal occupation is to bellow at night. Did you ever stop to think, Mrs. Bowser, why he bellows?"

"Because he was made to, the same as a rooster was made to crow," she answered.

"But why was he made to—why? The rooster was made to crow that he might wake the farmer's hired man up at 4 o'clock in the morning, but for what particular reason should the bullfrog bellow? They say that nature has a reason for everything."

"I give up that I don't know, and the Rev. Mr. Gleason is to deliver a lecture on the Holy Land at our church this evening and I want you to go with me. We haven't been out an evening for two months."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Bowser, but the Rev. Mr. Gleason and his Holy Land must wait. We have before us a question that has bothered naturalists for the last 2,000 years. The bullfrog bellows, but why does he bellow?"

"But why should we care about his bellows? It is going to be a very interesting lecture and I want to hear it. The bullfrogs can be attended to any time."

Just Like a Woman.

"Exactly like a woman," said Mr. Bowser, with a superior smile. "No doubt the wife of Sir Isaac Newton wanted to go to a circus the afternoon he discovered gravitation, and if he had gone with her the world would have had to wait another thousand years. You can run right along and hear all about the Holy Land, but I shall devote the evening to solving this problem. The professor holds that the bullfrog bellows to attract his food to him. I hold that he bellows under the idea that he is pouring forth a lullaby to put the world to sleep. Each

one of us will make his own investigations tonight and compare notes tomorrow."

"And tomorrow night you'll be investigating why owls hoot, I suppose?" sarcastically observed Mrs. Bowser.

"Possibly, my dear woman—possibly. In fact, I have often wondered just why owls do hoot instead of keeping their heads shut. There need be no acrimony about this matter. You can run along to the Holy Land, and I shall take a suburban car out into the country."

"But something will happen to you, and you'll come home mad at me."

"Nothing whatever will happen to me, and I shall come home feeling just as placid as I do now. I shall be placid, though I may also be exultant. I'll bet dollars to cents that I knock the professor's theory into a cocked hat. He isn't the only man in this world who has had his eye on the bullfrog."

Mr. Bowser Departs.

Mrs. Bowser wouldn't go to the lecture without him, and so it was settled that she should stay home. Just as dusk was coming down Mr. Bowser took his departure for the country and the land of bullfrogs. He didn't have to wait long after taking his car to get some information to assist him in his investigation. A farmer directed him to a big pond where clay had been dug out for a brickyard and then naturally asked:

"Goin' to catch a mess of frogs to eat?"

"No; I am going to study the frog."

"There hain't no use in that. Any book about animals and things will tell you all about him. I can do it myself for that matter. Do you want to know why his hind legs are the longest?"

"No, sir. If you know all about the bullfrog tell me why he bellows. What's his game? Is he talking to other frogs? Does he imagine he's singing a song? Is it a note of defiance?"

"By thunder, but you've got me!" exclaimed the farmer after thinking it over. "I've been livin' with bullfrogs for the last forty years, but it has never occurred to me to ask why they bellowed. And you are goin' to find out, are you?"

"If it's a possible thing."

"Well, by George! I hope you can. If we can find out why they bellow maybe we can buy 'em off. There's about a million of 'em in that pond I spoke of, and you won't have any trouble to find 'em. You'll hear 'em a-whooop!" as soon as you get off the car."

The man spoke truly. When the car reached the terminus and Mr. Bowser had taken a seat on a log after he got off the car he heard the hoarse voices of a bullfrog concert down the highway and realized that he had struck it rich. The way to investigate is to investigate. Five minutes after reaching the pond Mr. Bowser was giving all his mind to solving the problem.

He first estimated the number of frogs before him at an even million.

Secondly, he made out about 500 different intonations.

Thirdly, defiance, sorrow, pathos, indifference and exultation seemed to be about equally mixed. Where one old frog was sending a lullaby out to the sleeping world another was trying to wake up everybody within two miles. It looked as if the problem was being tied up in hard knots when two men suddenly appeared before Mr. Bowser, and one of them called out:

"Well, old cove, have you come back for the rest of the tools?"

"Sir, are you speaking to me?" asked Mr. Bowser as he rose up.

He Wakes Up.

"I am. What are you doing around here at this time of night? Some one was here a night or two ago and stole all the pickaxes, but don't think you can get away with any more of 'em."

"I came here, sir, to study the frog and I object to being talked to in this manner."

"Jobaphat!" gasped the man. "Say, Jim, this must be the lunatic that escaped from the asylum yesterday. If we take him back they'll give us a fiver. Come on."

Mr. Bowser escaped, but he was pretty well wrecked in the doing of it. He was rolled in the mud and had his clothes torn and lost his hat. At 11 o'clock, with Mrs. Bowser still up and waiting for him, he softly unlocked the front door and sneaked upstairs. She heard him, but in the goodness of her heart did not call out. She gave him half an hour and then went up to find him asleep. He was asleep, but his mind still worked. As she bent over him he groaned out and then muttered:

"We know why his hind legs are the longer, but why does he bellow? What's the object? What's the game?" M. QUAD.

By the Pound.



"Hello, butcher! What's all this you're logging home?" "Oh, only about twenty-five pounds of education for my daughter!"—File Gende Blatter.

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